

Friday 11 30 a.m.

Dear Jim,

Thanks for the Christmas Greetings.

I was sure glad to hear from you. That was the first news I had had from you in 3 months.

Really, I think it's time for you to be coming home, don't you?

I have neglected writing to you, but only because I have been so terribly busy for some time.

I am still in Akron. I was home for ten days and then came back here. I'm going to move here about the 15th of next month. Mary and Rose Mary are coming up then. It's going to be a swell reunion for me.

Papa was fine when I was home and so were all the family.

I have had two letters from

Tom and he's doing right well in the hospital. Mary's out by now and back on the job. Really, I think he should have been given a trip home after getting wounded. I suppose they need the men so badly though, that they have to keep them over there.

I hope that you are doing fine and keeping healthy.

Is there anything you would like to have me send you? If so just mention it in your next letter and I'll send it along.

It has been snowing all night and most of today. we had 12" of snow last week. I'm all fixed for it though, but I don't like it a bit.

Write me about you. Send mail to W.C. Still - Reid Hotel, 121 South High St. Akron 8 Ohio.

Hope you get home soon; it would sure be a tonic for Pop.

Love

Cornelius

(c. 1943)

32 West 76th
New York City
Near Jim's

I was so
sorry to hear
when Pan called
me this morning
of your brother's
being hurt, of
your need to
be anxious
about him,
and I hope so
that he is
out of danger.

now and that
you can soon go
home again. I
understand,
how you miss
your home for
these past days.
I have been so
lonely for the
moment, my
self that if
had been hard
to resist the
urge to just

get on a train or plane
and go out to Santa
Fe and I really
can't afford - though
I have just sold
a story - to humor
such a longing.

When you've
been home again
awhile can't you
come to New York
for a week's
visit to see
that fine to see
her, Jim? I

hope you can see
will!

I have known
how it is to be
concerned
about a dear
brother's illness
and I shall be
thinking of
you.

Sincerely,
Wratley [Thomas]

918 Spruce Street
Gadsden, Ala.
Tuesday 9, 1943
8 P.M.

Dear Jim;

I have been expecting a letter from you for several days now.

I haven't heard a word in a month and I have written every week just as I promised.

None of the folks write either so it's not unusual not to get a letter.

Jessie Waller has left for the Navy. Kathrine is in Birmingham in training to be a nurse.

I heard that Kumbrow is going before the board to try

and get in the Navy.

I haven't heard from Tom
~~but~~ only once and he ~~at~~ ^{only}
Wrote a Card that time.

I wrote to papa a few days
ago and asked to Come up
to see me. The only word
or information we get from
home is thru - Mrs Adams
and Mary going home every
~~two~~ two or three weeks. She
and Rose Marie are going down
tomorrow and stay until Sunday.

I worked several days last week.
Dang, and I played golf last
Sunday, afternoon.

Alfred is still in Mobile. He
hasn't answered my last letter.

Well, I hope you are doing
alright, healthy and as comfort-
ably fixed as is possible. Hope
to see you in 43.

I am doing my best to keep
^(our) the family connected

Lots of luck to you

your Buck
Comer

This is the rock where strangers who
don't know the habits of the surf often
get a drenching. This crowd will be safe
for awhile anyway. I always choose a
more conservative place, where book
and paper and self are safe. Your
swimming would be in somewhat
warmer water - it takes a stout-
hearted soul to brave the cold of
this. Several contemporaries have tried
to get me in, but in vain. Don't let
the sharks get you - hope the villagers
jigie will guard the place!

918 Spruce Street.
Gadsden, Alabama
(c. 1943)

Dear Jim,

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you so soon.

Yesterday was a very warm summer day with the temperature around 80°. Last night a heavy north wind blew in a wintry blast, now the temperature stands at 30°.

Doug. Gray and kids Mary & Rose Mary went home last week end. All the family is doing ok. Alvin & Charles were home on leave. They had not seen each other in a year & a half. Both left yesterday.

Jessie is going into the Navy the 1st of Feb. Kathrine goes in training next week for Red Cross nurse.

I received my reclassification card last Friday. I am now in Class 3B. I suppose that will keep me around for a while.

I have written to Tom and Alfred, but I haven't heard from either of them.

I noticed in paper that soldiers in North Africa had received baster bags. Did they contain any Bruton Snuff? ha ha.

Nathan hasn't left yet, he is expecting any day now to go.

Mary told Vera Houston that you appreciated the letters and greetings. She said; she sure wished you would write.

I think you should write at least four or five lines. I don't think it would amount to very much. Go ahead and send your appreciations.

Loni sent me some cake left from Sunday dinner.

The whole family had dinner with her Papa too without Fannie Will.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Lots of luck-
your Bird
Cousin.

Dear Jimmie -
Just had a letter from you to-day. We sure
did appreciate it. I see in the papers occasionally
pictures of natives of your description. Kathleen
Campbell my clerk receives letters from soldier in
Africa with their pictures taken with the natives. I
wonder if you could do the same thing. I have just
recently sent you a Hindman Herald and I believe
included a note also. It was snowing then and we
still have a big snow on the ground. If we can at
all we are going up to your place Saturday night
and spend the night and we will look into your
books thoroughly.

I call for your mail regularly at Little Carr
and we are taking care of it all for you. We have
never received any Government bonds for you
as yet. Nobody lives on Dead Horse Branch
at all at present, and if there is a house built
any where near Dead Horse Branch it will be up
the hillside out of site from your house.

Clay Collins is still living at Woodrow's Place
and I imagine will live there another year.

I am sending you a clipping from the Council
Journal which describes an incident which of the secrecy
that prevails among soldiers are not sure you know about.
This will come under separate cover.

With best regards -
Dorothy & Family

"School News" sent out by the school in terms sent to you.

Dond's and stamps twice
each week's. Love and
hoping you're well
and feeling good.
Will soon I may

(C. 1943) Monday night 10.00
Dearest James we were glad to hear
from you today. I also heard from Jo.
He's fine too. She hope you have
me a gift among your collection
I called Dad. Sunday his fine hear
I just had heard from you. We
were in Columbus Ga. & West Point
Ga. the end of the fourth. Papa
look's well and he seem to enjoy us
visiting him so much. Nathan
Walker and his girl friend come
up Friday night, Martin Walker
come home with us last Monday.
So Lorie come Friday at eleven
o'clock. Her we went around.
Cora come over Sat. evening we all
went down to Lake View had a
picnic lunch and swimming and
dancing. Nathan Adams come
home so Mrs Adams, Mary and Rose
Mary went down to Fairfax Ala.
I got a letter from Bill Sharpe
lives in N.Y. I see James Johnson
has a car now

am much better and have gain six lb. Douglas is fat too. Peanut
is two inches taller than his dad. Barbara Sue is as large as them
and Louise wears my dresses although she does like them if
they are as tall as my self. Aunt Mollie and Billie is well. Clarence
Kearns has moved to Atlanta. He James I go to the Dr three times
a week's and the dentist twice a week. I am afraid I'll lose my front
teeth if I do I will have all of them pulled out. Well I've started
painting my porch furniture one coat if really looks good. Our
dog puppy will encrease her family soon. James I have not
for got your birthday as I've already mailed you a greeting
it's rather comical. Our garden is not a bit good now as we
don't get any rain although I do have okra, tomatoes and
turnip greens. Peanut went to Chatterbox Tenn. Sun. he
had a grand time he sure likes his work. Barbara Sue
told me to tell you hello and thank again for the monkey skin
quilt she gave Papa just one of the pieces but she won't
let one one else have them but he asks her to give him just
one. Lois Allen are coming up soon. Papa says Elmer wrote
she was coming this summer. We are really having
hot weather. Well there is a lunch of our neighbors
will come Tuesday for the evening seven
fine day I married. Douglas is working over
time Peanut has come to the D. M. L. in 800.

**KNOTT COUNTY
BOARD OF EDUCATION**

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Sid Adams
T. B. Sutton

JETHRO AMBURGEY, Supt.

--

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY

Board Meets:

First Monday
Each Month

Jan. 4th, 1943

Dear Jimmie:

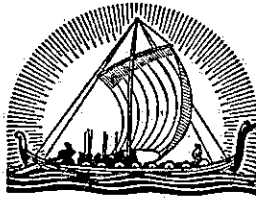
This is Sunday and I am nursing a cold to-day. A case of the flu that I usually have at this time of the year. December has been an awfully bad rainy cold month and every body almost has been sick. Christmas went off the quietest ever known here. The reason I suppose is that everybody especially the young men are in the service, the crowd that would ordinarily raise sand. Knott County was dry on Dec. 18th, and liquor was scarce on Christmas was another reason. I took it quite myself. Morris went to Carr yesterday and has not got back yet. He has a girl and we can't do anything about it. Manuel Bertie and family stayed with us the night before Christmas and we all had a good time. We went home with them Christmas day to see the old folks. Grandpa is still living but is doing no good at all.

We keep in close touch with activities in Africa. To-days Courier Journal gave a casualty list of men killed in action from Kentucky. It gave the name of a boy at McRoberts and one from near the mouth of Carr. The Casualty does not seem so large, but is probably larger than we think. I hope it won't be long til you all run the Germans out of Africa and honestly I believe it won't be long.

Everything is about as usual on Carr. We do not visit very often over there which we should more than we do. Melvin and the family, Simeon and the family, Lemuel and the family all are getting along alright, or a little better than usual. There are more money here now than sometime ago or the time you left here, but after the war ends of course jobs will be slim here then. It is hard for me to form a letter to suit you because of scarcity of news and other things. I think I will go up Dead mare branch pretty soon and put up a pole house for a renter to raise me some things on the farm, and if there needs some repairs on your house I will have it done too. I hope we will receive a long letter from you pretty soon now. I know I am trifling about writing letters and to be sure that is one of my New Year resolutions to write to you more often. Let us hear from you and you may be sure we scan every line to see if we can tell where you are at. Best of luck to you.

As ever yours

Jethro Amburgey & Morris
Jethro And Family



PUBLISHERS • THE VIKING PRESS INC. • NEW YORK • NY

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18 EAST 48TH STREET

Telephone • PLaza 5-4330

January 4, 1943.

S/Sgt. James Still, 35133320
Hq. & Hq. Sq, 8th ADG, AAF
A.P.O. Box 625
c/o Postmaster
Miami, Florida

Dear Jim:

We have wondered a great deal about you and have hoped for some word. Your Christmas card with its cryptic "Somewhere in Africa" was most welcome. I take it from the woodcut that you are - or at least were then - South of the immediate scene of action and I hope you are enjoying the tropic life.

When you have a chance, we will all be glad to know more about your activities. It will be interesting to see whether this experience gives you a new kind of material for stories. I imagine you will not do much with it until you have digested it thoroughly. It will be a cause of regret to me if you abandon Troublesome Creek, but I suppose there are advantages in widening your field. In any case, we are counting on you to go on writing and are eager for the time to come when you will have another book.

Although we are conscious of the war in almost every move we make, it has not actually affected us severely yet and seems, if anything, to have made people read more books. Shortages of materials and man power will undoubtedly hit us in 1943. Meanwhile we are going ahead on almost a normal schedule.

The best of everything to you this year, and may it bring you back with a victorious army.

Sincerely,

Marshall

THE VIKING PRESS INC.

MAB/mt

205 Augusta St.,
Jan. 6th. 43.

Montgomery, Ala.

My Dear James,

I was delighted to have your Christmas card and put the envelope away to save the address, so that I might reply, and what do you think, I could never find it!

So had to write your father for your address and it is just now in my hand and I am sending thanks for the unique card and all good wishes for your good fortune during this African adventure.

May it end soon, sooner than we dare think, and so send our gallant boys gallivanting home to those they love.

I know, though, to one of your enquiring and discerning mind, that there are many things you are seeing and learning which may prove profitable.

I came down here with my daughter, Kathleen, do you remember her? and her family the first of November, and do not have the courage or the care to pick up and go back to Lafayette, to a cold lonely house.

Kathleen's husband Bob Cope, of Union Springs, is prosecuting ~~att~~ for the OPA ~~board~~ here, which is of course not permanent, but they were delighted to find a nice, new steamheated house out in the Cloverdale section, which we are all enjoying. Houses are at such a premium here now, and this one is quite too expensive for their budget, but so while the luxury is lasting I might as well enjoy it.

I have enjoyed the libraries so much. Have been reading Virginia Woolf's "Three Guineas" "The Voyage Out" and "Between the Acts". When you can read them, for she is perhaps England's most distinguished novelist, but was so overcome by the war and its devastations she walked out one morning leaving a note for her family and drowned herself in the sea.

I have read John Masefield's collected poems and how lovely they are. Now am engaged in Sean O'Casey's very frank and humorous autobiography in two volumes "I Knock at the Door" and "Pictures in the Hall".

You know from the name he is Irish and his books abound with Irish wit as well and the pathos of the poverty of the poor of Dublin, to which tribe he belongs. At your first opportunity get these books, for you would enjoy them.

James, did you go to the Lafayette school when Mr. McGehee was supt.? They are living here now and have their only son, born in Lafayette and is SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA and it would be too good for words for you two kindred spirits to meet there.?

His address is CPL. Edward G. McGehee, 34332478, 14th. Communication Squad. Can you find him by that?

I find it is like looking for a needle in a haystack to look for a soldier even here in Montgomery.

Edward finished last year at Vanderbilt, your Alma Mater, and has the gift of writing and sent his mother a Christmas card the replica of the one you sent me, so we had hopes you might meet.

Mrs. McGehee is a successful writer herself, having written a book for public school music called "People and Music" which has been widely adopted by the different states. Perhaps you know of her historical novel built on the McGehee family history of the Tidewater Section of Virginia. It is called "Journey Proud".

One of the most interesting characters is the negro nurse woven around the figure of her own cook, and in this she brings out so many of the negro superstitions.

In your "Troublesome Creek" the story of the old grandfather, who was always telling shady tales at the table, and living in fear of being sent out of the county home was one of your best, I think. But you find little sections of life all around you., every where, on the bus, in the street, in your neighbors across the way and in all you meet.

Being in a new location, it has been lots of fun to get my bearing in all directions.

I see my little six year old, read headed, grandson coming in from school right now, with his little black and white pup meeting him.

He tussles with him, falls down on the pine straw and the boy and the dog roll over together, good friends always a boy and his dog. He has come in now is standing here while I tell him I am writing to my soldier boy friend, away down in Africa.

They have a globe and see the papers and hear the war news and have some kind of an idea what is going on, but certainly a very vague one compared to what you boys know and see who are really there right on the front or up in the air front.

W

We had two soldier boys for Christmas dinner, a nineteen year old from New York and a twenty two year from Michigan. They stayed until the last minute and Kathleen fixed them sandwiches for the supper. They seemed to enjoy the home life and we certainly enjoyed them.

The streets here are full of them and some so young and so far away from home it makes tears come to my eyes to see them.

From the news the African forces are preparing for a great fight, how I wish it could be over, and all you boys back home again.

James, do find time to write me and tell me just what is your work in the aviation, and as much as you will be allowed to tell. Mrs. McGehee is keeping all Edwards letters as his war record and she finds one comes by airmail in seven days.

May I hope to have one soon from you?

Another question about old Lafayette days, did Mrs. Agnew, or perhaps she was Miss Cameron then, ever teach you?

I guess you had Floyd Tillery in your English when you finished at Fairfax. Floyd is a very intelligent person, advanced in his thinking.

Best wishes and all good Chambers county luck come to you away off there in Africa.

Again thanks for the Christmas card, and am so glad to find track of you once more.

Your friend,

Annie Mae Greenup

924 Ave. D.
Gadsden, Ala.
Jan. 7, 1943

Dearest Uncle James:

I guess you think I have forgotten you by this time, but I haven't. I have been so busy in school lately I haven't had time to write anyone.

Uncle James I will graduate from grammar school in about three weeks. Boy! will I be glad. We get a diploma and have a program just like you did when you graduated from high school. You can imagine how I feel. I will be in the ninth grade. I found out that school is a lot of fun if you get your work up.

My teacher, Miss Jordan, gave our class a Christmas party last Friday night we had a grand time. I tried to get mother and daddy to go but you know how they are. They think they are too tired for anything like that. I was in charge of all the games. I sure did have a time.

We played table tennis, darts, and other games. We danced a while, only the girls. All of the boys think dancing is for a sissy.

Boy: 'did we have a rain Sunday and Monday. It rained so hard and long that school was closed Monday. Water was every where. Over on sixth street it went in the houses and ruined all the furniture. A lot of people couldn't get to work. Some of them had to go in boats. It was a mess.

I hope you enjoyed Christmas. I don't know why but it didn't seem like Christmas at all. I received many gifts and enjoyed them very much. Santa Claus ~~brought~~ brought me a stretchable bracelet and locket. I got a lot of clothes too. Was ~~the~~ he good too you?

I'm writing on New Year's day because they say what you do today you will be doing it all the year. I certainly need to write letters. I haven't answered

Alvin's & Clois's, J. L. and Bill's
letters yet. I guess they will
be mad at me I hope not.

In case you don't know
I'm fourteen years old and haven't
grown an inch but I sure
am getting fat. I'm afraid I'm
going to be as fat as Aunt Lois
I certainly hope not. Some people
want to be fat but I don't. Do
you.

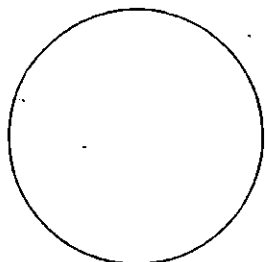
I hope the Army is treating
you all right. Do you get plenty
to eat now? Meat is scarce up
here and almost everything else.

I wish you could have been
here Christmas we really had
a feast. Daddy baked a fourteen
pound fruit cake. It sure was
yummy. I hope you all had a
nice dinner.

I guess I will have to close now.
It is nearly time to go to school.
I have got to give a report and
recite five poems today. Well
g - by now. Please write.
P. S. Daddy, Mother, Barbara
Lue & Jena said H. Ho

your niece
Lorise Barnes

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S/Sgt. James Still, 35/33320

Hq. + Hq. Sq. 8th ADG, AAF

A.P.O. Box # 625

% Postmaster, Miami, Fla

Mrs. M. H. Sharpe
(Sender's name)

Bushnell Florida
(Sender's address)

Jan. 9, 1943
(Date)

Dear James.

As I hadn't written you this week or year I should say. It's one of my resolutions so by all means I try not to break.

The year being still very young, but very, very busy one for all of us. Berries are ripening.

Every one is just fine. Pat and Tom is here both said, "Hello". They don't get to come very often and really enjoy their visits.

Oh, yes. I heard over the radio that George Washington Carver had passed away. At Tuskegee Institute. Probably you have met him on one of your visits there.

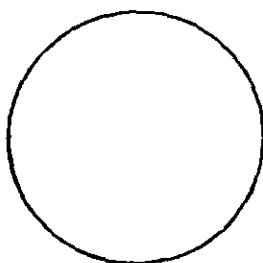
Well tomorrow is our Wedding Anniversary 28 years ago Jan. 10. One way it seems very short and then another a long time ago. We received a card of congratulations from Lois + Allen today.

I haven't started good, but space is gone. Will write more soon.

always
Eleanor.

V-MAIL

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S/ SERGEANT JAMES STILL-#5133320

Hq & Hq SQUADRON 8th-A.D.G.

A.A.F. A. . .

A.P.O. 625

C/O POSTMASTER

MIAMI -- FLORIDA

GUY LOOMIS

(Sender's name)

P.O.BOX. 98

BROOKLYN N.Y. -- U.S.A.

(Sender's address)

(Date)

Jan. 10th-43

MY DEAR JIMMIE

SOME SONGWRITER WROTE A SONG A LONG TIME AGO THE TITLE OF WHICH WAS "WAKE UP AND SING". THIS LETTER IS A PLEA FOR YOU TO " WAKE UP AND WRITE" FOR WE ARE ALL ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU AND TO KNOW WHETHER TH E CHRISTMAS BOXES AND THE CH EVRONS HAVE REACHED YOU. AND TO TELL YOU IT CAME OUT IN TODAYS PAPER THAT NO MORE BOXES ~~XXXXXX~~ OR PACKAGES WOULD BE SENT OVERSEAS TO OUR MEN UNLESS PERMISSION WAS GRANTED THEM TO WRITE HOME FOR IT. ~~THEY~~ WERE TO GET THE PERMISSION FROM THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER AND THE PAPER SIGNED BY HIME HAS TO BE SENT HERE SO THAT IT MIGHT BE SHOWN AT THE POST OFFICE WHERE THE PACKAGE WAS TO BE MAILED. IT MUST NOT BE OVER 15 INCHES LONG NOR WEIGH MORE THAM 5 POUNDS. SO IF YOU WANT ANYTHING JUST REMEMBER IT. NO NEWS OF ANY IMPORTANCE TO SEND YOU. REASON WHY THEY SHUT DOWN ON FAMILIES AND FRIENDS SENDING PACKAGES IS THAT IT TOOK THREE--110000 ton ships to carry the last lot. THEY ARE SHUTTING DOWN HARD ON THE GAS QUESTION AND ARE BEGINNING TO RATION MANY OF THE FOODS HERE. WHERE OIL BURNERS ARE USED THEY HAVE CUT OFF THE SUPPLY IN MANY CASES AND SOME BUILDINGS HAVE BEEN CLOSED. MANY HAVE CHANGED THEIR FURNACES TO COAL BURNERS. AM FEELING FINE AND HOPE ALL IS WELL WITH YOU. SENT YOU SOME "V" SHEETS BY FIRST CLASS MAIL AND HOPE YOU GET THEM.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

V---MAIL

Somewhere in Africa
January 10, 1942 (1943?)

Dear Pop:

This is Sunday and getting along time for the noon meal but over there in America where you are people are still in bed. The sun rises here about six hours earlier than it does in Alabama, USA. Today it is cloudy, a thing unusual at this time of year, and it is only moderately hot. When I first came here the heat was something ~~you~~ ~~were~~ conscious of all day long, but now I am acclimated and do not notice it very much. We wear sun-helmets. The brims are wide curving downward, and the head is circled by leather bands, keeping the head from touching the hat at any place. Air circulates up into the hat. The brim on the back side of the hat is longer than the front--long enough to protect the back of the neck. The pith lining of my steel helmet would also make a good helmet if ~~and~~ it had a brim. Our steel helmets are much like the ones the Germans wear, the chief difference being in the "apron" at the back of the neck.

Once, far from here, but on this continent, my group held a formation in full ~~dress~~ field equipment. A soldier of the Union of South Africa told me later that it he'd had a machine gun he would have started firing. "You Americans looked exactly like the Jerries" "It's that helmet you ~~Yanks~~ wear. You look just like the Jerries." Southerners or not, we are all called Yanks over here. The natives speak of us individually as "Joe". The natives of this particular country where I am now are all black. They are completely loyal, it seems, to the Allie. In another country where we stayed a while before coming here this was not the case. The custom there is to hold thumbs up ~~and~~ ~~expressed~~ to show approval, ~~and~~ Going through a city on a train I saw several women holding their thumbs down in disapproval.

When we first saw British soldiers' drill we were all amused. It seemed pretty fancy--the heel clicking on coming to attention, the way they swung their arms front and rear, their modified goose-step, their knee-lifting and stomping to do an about-face. However, I judge that the American drill came out of this. The American drill is more functional and practical, with less display.

Until now I haven't told you anything about the trip ~~across~~ the Ocean. I am not sure just what the Censor will allow me to tell. But I shall play safe, giving no dates or names of boats, countries we visited, etc. I think it is permitted that I saw it was not a straight shuttle across the Atlantic, and that we had three separate boat rides to get us where we are now from our Port of Embarkation in America. It also took a long time,—a damnably long time considering the circumstances we traveled under.

On the night we left our country we took a train from our station. Every man was loaded with equipment. I am frank to say it was more than I could carry, but I did carry it somehow. My field pack was strapped to my back jammed with personal articles like soap, razor, towels, raincoat, messkit, etc. and under the flap was a blanket tightly rolled. I had an ammunition belt snapped around my middle, and to it was snapped first aid kit and canteen filled with water. The field pack (mossette bag) is held on by a maze of straps, and is snapped onto the ammunition belt. Just the above was a nice little load. Next my gas mask is swung at my left side, with a strap going over the shoulder, and another going around the body. Next my Springfield rifle, with strap slackened so it will hang to the left shoulder. Along with the above I was dressed in O.D. (wool) from head to toe; and I wore leggings. The above mention items make a good load; but it isn't too heavy if you don't have to walk too far, and if all the bucklets and snaps are fastened correctly, and all the straps are given proper slack or drawn tight in the right places. However, what actually happens (in my particular case) is that after I have gone a couple of hundred yards the ammunition belt begins to slid in the general direction of my neck, and the iron snaps of the pack slip off the protecting straps and being to eat meat out of my shoulders, and the strap under my arms being to pinch. However, on that day we left I had things fairly well adjusted. I had learned to put folded handkerchiefs on my shoulder under my shirts where two particularly offending iron snaps had to rest. Now comes the biggest load: The barracks bag. A. Line, and all the others, were packed to bursting with Army paraphernalia, personal supplies of all sorts, clothes, hundreds of razor blades...the things we thought would be lacking over here

But to go back a few days--We had several "dry runs"--practice take-offs. We put on all our gears, lifted our Bags A and walked about a couple hundred yards. I couldn't even get the damn thing on my shoulder. Somebody lifted it for me, and I staggered--we all staggered--off. None of my Squadron fell out. but in another one man fainted, and a half dozen couldn't make it. These bags weighed a good one hundred pounds. We tried this on several days, and presently I learned how to hiest the bag to my right shoulder, let it rest against the barrel of the rifle.

Though I couldn't achieve anything like equiliberam, I managed to keep feet down, head up; and my ammunition belt which was drawn tight almost beyond breathing kept me from exploding and flying into several million pieces. Needless to say I was sore as hell for days, and I was still sore on the day we left. On our last dry run I swung up my A Bag and the muscle of my right arm went numb. Later I found it was swollen to twice its regular size. It seemed impossible that I could carry a bag. I went to ~~the~~ one of the Ft Dix's dispensaries and the M.D. there said my arm must have complete rest. He gave me a bottle of goo, saying I should rub it on in three days, not before. I dug a hole in my tent floor and buried it. That bottle ~~was~~ just more baggage. I eliminated every possible thing. I intended carrying that bag or "bust"!

The first sergeant knew I'd hurt my arm, and he chose me to get on the trucks with the A bags and stay with them at the station until the others marched down in field equipment. I counted myself lucky. But on reaching the railway siding another officer there who didn't know of my sore arm ordered me to unload the trucks and line them up according to a roster. As it turned out I lifted several hundred bags with my left arm. I dreaded the time to climb on the train. ~~But~~ My group arrived, the train came in, I shouldered all my stuff, somehow managing to get the bag onto my left shoulder entirely with my left hand. I got on the train. As we rode along, I wasn't particularly caring about leaving America or anything of that sort. I thought of a long up-hill gang plank I had to climb at the last moment, and then I would have to go up like a soldier. We got off the train somewhere. We started marching; we stopped, started again. ~~And~~ Well, it was tough going for me. Late at night we reached the pier, came off the thing we were riding, lined up in an enormous building. There was the ship, no lights showing outside, there was the gangplank looking like the climb to Mt Everest. Then I discovered that ~~I~~ ~~both~~ both arms and shoulders were numb, and when I picked ~~that~~ up again I felt nothing. I went up the gangplank as painlessly as if I'd been a balloon.

I went up several flights of stairs, grabbed a top bunk midship, climbed in. I loosened my pack and leggins, slid the rifle into the bed between. In three minutes I was asleep. Next morning when I waked the boat was moving. Far behind America was disappearing, and it seemed a dream. The day was cloudy. ... The boat was a mighty one, one I had often heard of, and had seen pictures of. Nobody would have recognized it as its former proud self in its grey paint, stem to stern. There were army thousands on this boat. It was like a city going to sea. It was not an American ship....I ate breakfast, but it was my last meal for a while. I began to have "butterflies" in my stomach. By afternoon I was pretty sick. I wanted to vomit, but there was no place. The rail was lined with other seasick. The latrines were packed and one couldn't decently let fly there. The smell was pretty sickening. I didn't "loose my cookies" because there was no place. I kept gulping. Life seemed very long then. I didn't personally care whether the boat sunk or floated. The second day I felt better, but standing at boat drill for one hour without moving was an ordeal. On the third day I began to take a small interest in life. I stayed in my bunk most of the time, high under the ceiling; I rested there ~~among~~ among my belongings. The dining room in the bowels of the ship was a place I couldn't stay long in. I remember being so very hungry, yet I didn't dare go there. I didn't want to let go at the table. In time I did go down, eat a little, then hurry out. In about a week all was well. The food was bad--not GI food--but I was never concerned over it like many others.

Sunday - Jan. 10, 1943
6:00 P.M.

Dear Jim,

I received your letter today and it is grand to hear from you, way out there in Africa.

This country around here isn't bad when the seasons are right. In bad weather this is the most god-forsaken country around.

I am an acting Non-com right now and expect to get my stripes any time now. I am in the 91st Division. Which is considered the toughest in the army. The 363rd regiment which I am in is now the best trained. And it met on Thanksgiving Day for the first time in 23 years. The reason I was put in the infantry because of the C.M.T.C. Training and it helped a lot in getting this job as an acting Non-com.

As Ever
Your Brother
Tom

GOOD YEAR
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
of Alabama
GADSDEN, ALA.

Jan 11, 1943
918 Spruce Street
Saturday night

Dear Jim;

Received your letter today and was sure
proud ~~the~~ to hear from you.

I sent your stationary by air mail and
I suppose that you should receive it very
soon.

I am very happy that you like your
hut and location and more happy that the
"American Soldier" could have a real
treat for Christmas dinner.

We listened to President Roosevelt's address
to Congress and learned with pleasure
that our Country had advanced so far
in production of Materials for the allies.

GOOD YEAR

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

of Alabama

GADSDEN, ALA.

Had a letter from Mrs. Adams telling about Howard Busham being missing in Solomon area. (Austin's brother)

I recieved my Employer Registration and I am expecting a reclassification in a few days.

Rose Mary was tickled that you mentioned her in your letter.

I had a letter from Tom he is doing alright.

Greg + Doug. are planning to go home next Week end. Guess I'll have to work.

Lots of luck to you
Comer.

LETTERS From Uncle Sam's Boys

Fairfax

Jim, Finch, Marine Base, San Diego: I have been transferred to the Headquarters Co. here on the Marine Base since we got our scatter papers. I like it fine, although it is hard to get accustomed to some things. You know us Southerners! I think most of the boys from here that were in my platoon, are still on the base some place, so we will see each other very often. I will have to stop, but will have to congratulate you on the fine work you are doing there. I hope I will continue to receive your letters and the papers, for they mean so much to me.

Watson Still, Camp White, Oregon: Thanksgiving Day was off day, but it rained all day long, so we didn't have much to do. The big dinner helped very much to keep up the morale! It included 12 turkeys for 100 men! Also mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, carrots and peas, and all the trimmings, including ice cream. And plenty of coffee! I am now an acting non-commissioned officer, and am going to school every evening. I expect to be made a real non-commissioned officer real soon. The weather out here is wet right now, but we still keep training every day, even if it rains, and it does about 5 1-2 days out of the week. Yesterday, the 363rd. Regiment met for the first time in 23 years, and it was a real treat to see the men together. I will close with a vote of good luck for all the men in service, and all the Volunteer Red Cross Workers, and everyone connected with making life in the army cheerful.

ack

given me news of you, but
it is such a pleasure to
hear directly from you. Our
prayers and best wishes go
with you wherever you may
go.

Sincerely,
Edith

Mendell Lee,
Fullerton, Md.
Jan 13, 1943.

Dear Gimmie,

Can't tell you how pleased
we were to hear from you.
The years seemed to vanish and
we were back at L. M. & again
you, a good many of our schoolmates
are in the service. we just hear
that "Fate" Monroe is in the army
and Murphy Curston has been
a many MD for a good many
years. Helen was in Norfolk
and I suppose she is still there.
It seems that he could reach
Norfolk more often than any other
part so of course she would want
to wait for him there. They have

one son. we used to go to Norfolk quite often but civilian travel has been cut to a minimum. They have asked us not to travel unless absolutely necessary so we help in any way we can. Our efforts and sacrifices are very small indeed when we consider what you soldiers are doing, but we make them gladly and would be glad to do more. It is tough going for a good many of us but we are bound to win in time.

Uncle Guy has just returned from a visit to our old "stamping grounds". I don't think he is interested in anyone at S. M. Q. now

but Grace Nettleton is his "hobby". now. what a wonderful person he is and so vitally interested in everything that concerns any member of his large "family". Due to gas rationing he isn't able to get down here and we have missed him a great deal. But there is nothing that I can't tell you about him that you don't know.

He writes us again soon, won't you? we have followed your very successful career through the years with interest and of course Uncle Guy has

Hayard, Ky.
543 High St.
Jan. 14, 1943

Dear James,

I guess you will be surprised to get a letter from me but I was over to see Aunt Ranie yesterday and I got your add. from her.

There isn't much to write about but wanted to say hello and let you know that we do think about you.

I'm now working for the Mayo Shilding School. Of course it's office work. I can truthfully say that it's the easiest job that I ever had. Naturally I would like it.

Another girl and I have an awfully cute apartment in town or at least we think so.

I go up to see my family once a week. They are fine. Dad is having

his teeth pulled. Mother is
working her self to death
and Charlotte is going to
school at Carr Creek. She
graduates this year. Had a
letter from her yesterday and
she says she's taking typing
~~the last semester.~~ I'm glad.
I'm going to try to rent her
a typewriter to practice on at
home.

I guess Morris writes you
all about the ball games
this year. Hindman really has
a team this year. I hope they
go to the state. That doesn't sound
right because I'm from Carr Creek.
Anyway they're both Knott Co.
teams.

If you are not too busy
and find time, I would enjoy
hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Virginia Back

OLD BAY LINE

BALTIMORE STEAM

PACKET COMPANY

R. L. JONES,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT

BALTIMORE, MD.



Jan. 14 1943.

Dear Jimmy:

Certainly was glad to get your letter a few days ago. Guess you are having quite an experience.

We really are busy back home. I might just as well be on the Government payroll as most of my work is directly connected with Government activities.

One of my brothers may be there in the near future - One is already outside the U.S.

Write us when you get a chance.
Best of luck

Sincerely,
Elmer

Oldest Steamboat Company in the United States

BALTIMORE - OLD POINT COMFORT - NORFOLK

129 Ave. D.
Bodadon, Ala.
Jan. 14, 1943

Dear Uncle Jim,

How is the army, I hope you like it more than I do. Miss Dean has one of your book she let the class see it but not read it before she does that. Dr. H sent a box to boy ~~across~~ across the sea. he is from boy, two he has no mother or father. I be glad when the ~~army~~ war is over want you boy? I will well this the first ~~at~~ time I wrote you I should be a shame of myself cause I know you don't have time to write much in the army or I forgot how is the army, do you like it much boy? I wish I was in the army until I hear at home. Uncle Jim is Africa in the gun. I hope you like it. I wish you wear at home we are planing to go down home in Fairfax and ~~then~~ West Point. well I saw Alvin and Charles I were down there well is late I had better get to bed for it is pass my bed time well good night sleep tight for there a big day tomorow well this is the end.

of my letter & tell you a
again good-night.

love

Barbara Sue Barnes

P.S.

how is Africa compare the
Africa home with our home

God. Bless. America.

amen

Shawmut, Ala.

Jan 16, 1943.

Dearest James.

Just a few lines to let you know
trip not far got on you. we drove down
last night. Talsen supper out at me
adam is mary and Rose mary came
with us. Come was at work also. Pearl
as her manager of the Birmingham
Post. He's very smart they all go to school
we have been sick with a cold
I almost had pneumonia. Dad
is well pleased to be very please
by us being down. we are on
our way to Columbus, Ga. of
course this trip takes up 2 months
gas in a week or so the mileage
will be no less. Write of tons of
love & me.

P. S. I'm glad you had a nice
Xmas.

Jan. 17-1943.

Dear James.

Every one is just fine.

Berry picking is well under way. Although the robins are here and they like them very much it seems.

Hope you are fine, and enjoying the best of health.

The kids said, "Hello."

I still listen to between the Books End, with Ted Malone.



Love
Ellen.

A
Valentine
Remembrance

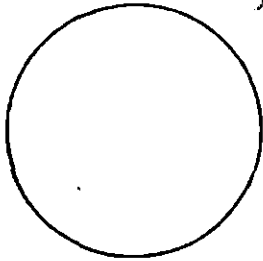




Valentine greetings
Ever betoken
Friendship like ours,
A chain never broken;
Each link a moment,
Somehow revealing,
Rare understanding
And comradely
feeling!

E. L. L. L.

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S/SERGEANT JAMES STILL #35133320

Hq & Hq. SQUADRON 8TH A.D.G. - A.A. P.O. BOX. 98

A.P.O. BOX 625

C/O POSTMASTER

MIAMI -- FLORIDA.

GUY LOOMIS

(Sender's name)

BROOKLYN N.Y. U.S.A.

(Date)

Jan. 17th-43

MY DEAR JIMMIE

SENTT YOU A LETTER A FEW DAY S AGO ASKING WHERE YOU WERE AND HOW YOU WERE

AND THE NEXT DAY ON E CAME FROM YOU. KNOW YOU CANNOT TELL US ABOUT YOUR LOCATION BUT YOU CAN KEEP US POSTED ABOUT YOUR HEALTH .AND THE LETTER SAID YOU WERE O.K. A LETTER FROM EDITH SAID SHE WAS TH RILLED TO GET A LETTER FROM YOU. SENT HINDMAN A CHECK TODAY FOR THE CABINET AND AS THEY SAID THEY HAD NOT HEARD FROM YOU TOLD THEM YOU WERE O.K. IN YOUR LAST. HOPE THE CHEVRONS REACH ED YOU. WE ARE ALL WAITING FOR NEWS ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS BOXES. YOU SAID YOU HAD RECEIVED THE CARDS. DID YOU GET THEE ~~V~~ V- MAIL SH EETS I SENT YOU. IF Y OU WANT MORE LET ME KNOW AND THEY WILL GO BY FIRST CLASS MAIL. NO MORE PACKAGES MAY BE SENT THE MEN UNLESS TH EY GET PERMISSION FROM THEIR C/O, A ND SEND IT TO US TO SH OW THE P.O. MEN. LET MRS WATKINS AND MISS MOUNT READ YOUR LAST LETTER. MISS MOUNT AND BETTY WILL LOOK UP THE BOOK FOR YOU AND AS SOON AS THEY GIVE ME THE DATA WILL SEND IT ON TO YOU. WILL ASK THEM ABOUT IT TOMORROW. NO NEWS TO SEND. THEY ARE BEGINNING TO RATION US ON SOME FOODS. EXPECT TO STICK IN TH E CITY ALL WINTER FOR THE GAS RATIONING DOES NOT LET US GO FAR. AND ALL TOURING IS PROHIBITED. SO USE THE CAR FOR ESSENTIALS ONLY AND TO KEEP HARRY. FOR BEING ALONE NEED HIM TO CALL ON IN ANY EMERGENCY. AM 100 % AND B Y BEING CAREFUL HOPE TO KEEP SO. WRITE WHEN YOU CAN AND CALL FOR ANYTHING YOU NEED THAT I CA N SEND TO YOU UNDER THE PRESENT RESTRICTIONS.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Guy Loomis

V...-MAIL

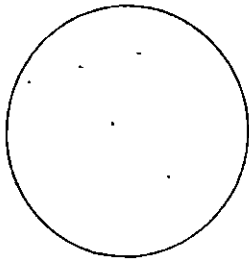
Madison Ala

Jan. 20, 1943

Dearest James,

We went down home for the week end
sure enjoyed it. also went to Columbus Ga
every body was well. Dad looked fine
saw Elsie and the kids they are cute little
boys. Lois, Allene and Mary Johnson went
with us. We all ate dinner with Lonie
Sunday had a good dinner. Alvin and
Charles Edward's looks good and get them
to Salers were happy to be at home.
Jessie left today for the Mary, Katherine
Lenses this week end for Birmingham
going in training for a nurse. William
Hospital. Well Louise will graduate from
Disque going in to high school. Nathan
Adams is leaving for over seas soon. Mrs
Adams and Nathan came up here last night
will go back Thursday morning. Well
Douglas is feeling better after having
the flu. We are really having having
cold weather now the first ice I've seen this
winter in the house. Verna Adams is real
sick with colds. Have you wrote the preacher
yet? I must quit as its past my bed time.
Write soon lots of Love. Love, Barnes

No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

S/SERGEANT JAMES STILL # 35133320

Hq. & Hq SQUADRON ^{8th} A.D.G.--A.A.F.

A.P.O.BOX. 625
C/O POSTMASTER
MIAMI-- FLORIDA.

GUY LOOMIS

P.O. BOX 98
BROOKLYN N.Y.-U.S.S.A

(Sender's address)

(Date)

- JAN-23rd-43

DEAR JIMMIE

LETTER # 1 CAME TODAY --- MISS MOUNT IS IN N.Y.CITY LOOKING UP THAT BOOK QUESTION AND WILL LIKELY WRITE YOU EARLY IN THE WEEK.DID YOU GET THE CHRIST-MAS BOX SENT YOU?THINK TWO WENT YOUR WAY.WHAT DOES A.D.G. STAND FOR?HAVE BEEN ASKED SEVERAL TIMES BUT COULD NOT ANSWER.BUT ONE ARMY OFFICER SAID IT LIKELY SHOULD BE CHANGED TO A.G.D AND THAT THAT STOOD FOR ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.YOUR LETTERS COME MUCH QUICKER THAN THOSE FROM BILLY FROM AUSTRALIA.AND YOU GET THINGS MUCH QUICKER THAN HE DOES.IF YOU NEED ANYTHING I CAN SEND FROM HERE DONT HESITATE TO ASK FOR IT.BUT YOU MUST WRITE OUT YOUR NEEDS-GET YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER O.K. IT AND THEN SEND THE SLIP FOR US TO SHOW THE P.O. PEOPLE OTHERWISE THEY WONT ACCEPT PACKAGESS, FOR THE MEN. THINK I WROTE YOU THIS EARLIER.SO MUCH UNNECESSARY STUFF WAS BEING SENT THEY HAD TO SHUT DOWN ON IT.ALL O.K. HERE AND HOPE YOU ARE 100%.NONNEWS WORTHWHILE.JUST DRAG* ING ALONG.GETTING RATIONED ON MANY THINGS BUT WE ARE TAKING IT WITH A SMILE(?) NOTE WHAT YOU WRITE ABOUT THE HUMIDITY AND HEAT IN THE SPRING.BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP CAREFULLY AND IF NECESSARY TAKE MEDICATION TO KEEP YOU FIT.BEST OF LUCK

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

SENT HINDMAN A CHECK TO PAY FOR A FILING CABINET FOR YOUR PAPERS WHEN THEY GET THEM.THYE PICKED IT OUT AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOLLY FOR ME TO DO IT, AT LONG RANGE.HAVE TOLD THEM ABOUT A LOCKING DEVICE IF THEY NEED ONE.THE CABINET HAD NO LOCKS ON ANY OF THE DRAWERS. SEEMS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO GET YOUR ADDRESS STRAIGHT.

V---MAIL

Dear Mr. [unclear] [unclear]
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

I am writing this to you, through George and his mother. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so.

I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so.

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I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending this to you, as you have asked me to do so.

10/10/43

Millers Falls, Mass.
Jan. 25, 1943.

Dear Sergeant [unclear],

I hope you won't mind my writing to you, but I have just finished "A [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]" and I don't know how to get it to you. I am sending it to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending it to you, as you have asked me to do so. I am sending it to you, as you have asked me to do so.

for years. However, early this winter I fell to thinking how lonesome it would be without them, and remembering what Jennie said about "the least of these", thought they surely were the least of the bird kingdom, and started feeding them. Glory be, before night, I had a Chick-a-dee! and the next day, a pair of chipping sparrows, (they are darling nestors) and half a dozen Juncos, as well as four gorgeous Bluejays.

We have had some severe ice storms since Christmas. The trees and bushes have been like fairy land, but the roads and sidewalks have been

so much of my family when we were all at home - Four of us.

You spoke of "Cracklings" in one chapter. Do you mean pork scraps? Chittin's I call them, but where I got the name, I don't know.

You spoke of birds so many times, I must tell you about mine. If you have never spent a winter in New England you don't know how lonesome it would be without any birds.

We encourage the blue birds, Wrens and swallows to nest in our yard, so I don't consider sparrows (a certain kind) grackles and starlings as birds, and don't feed them in winter.

Members of Board
T. C. Campbell, Chairman
Bent Newland
Cleve Combs
Sid Adams
T. B. Sutton

KNOTT COUNTY
BOARD OF EDUCATION

JETHRO AMBURGEY, Supt.

--

HINDMAN, KENTUCKY

Jan. 26-1843.

Board Meets:

First Monday

Each Month

Dear Jimmie -

We have had a just summer day here in Jan.
and to day it is snowing. Weather is very changeable
and we are having a disagreeable winter.

There is a Hindman Draft. I hope it reaches you.

Things are shaping up in North Africa for a
real fight now. Probably in the next 30 days by the
time you get this letter I hope the Germans will all
be out of Africa. Things are as usual here at home.
We haven't heard from you for a while. Write when you
can.

With best of love to you.

Jethro and family

Bushnell, Fla.
Jan. 27, 1943

Dear Jim -

I hope this finds you well. we are all about the same.

Earl is still working in Brooksville doing construction work. The kids and I have been busy planting a garden. I also have a bunch of turkeys now and it keeps me busy hunting turkey nest.

It has turned real warm here now.

I was down back of our house yesterday and I noticed the trees are all putting out new buds and the wild plum and the yellow yacmine are in full bloom. The oranges havent started blooming yet but they will by the middle of February.

I was at mammas yesterday and they are picking a few strawberries now and Daddy is planting his tobacco seed beds.

I got a long letter from Bill yesterday he is still in Boston.

I saw in the paper last week where there was a tornado swept through Ga. Between Lagrange and West Point. we

Havent heard from anyone up there
so I guess they are all right.

There have lots of married men drafted
from around here but Earl hasn't recieve
any notice yet.

Tommy and Patsy are just fine. They
sure have grown in the past few
months. I can hardly keep anything
for them to wear that will fit them.
They are both about the same size.
Patsy will go to school this year
and she can hardly wait. She is still
saving her pencils that you gave her
to use when she starts to school.

I will close for this time.

With love,
Helen